BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY ROUND. THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROAD-WAY LOUNGER.

Russell Sage, they say, leads "the Street now. He is sixty-seven years old; something between Brother Jenathan and Pantaloon. Wherever he is, there circus. Repentless, resentless, but not relentless, he hardly has an enemy, never indulges in that luxury, always calls you " my son " and scratches your midriff. the is everybody's paw-paw, parentally healing them by the laying on of hands. "My son," he says, "sho, sho the laying on of hands. I must get in my stray bets. My son, I've got a million and a quarter of them puts and calls out now. Sho! it'l never do, my son!" By this time he has lovingly fastened onto your spare-rib or arm-pit, or crazy-bone, and when he says "Sho " you feel like a chicken chucked up to be counted and fed on meal. Some put Sage's wealth at fifty millions, some at half as much more. He is the original, the vast insurer of speculators. He will sell you a put, a call or "a straddle"—the latter an insurance both ways and at adouble commission—and he is said never to have "squatted" or repudiated these puts and calls, and seldom or never to have paid them beyond the moment marked for their presentment. "My son," he says, "it is twelve minutes past 1; that trade's off." He is regurded as the most phenomenal leader the Street has ever had; natural, almost womanly, with mind averse to vio lence or sinister things; and a feeling also prevails that he has a classical education, which he does not claim for He was in Congress thirty years ago, was the treasurer of Troy City and County many years, and posthe Government to buy Mount Vernon-a piece of shameful oversight that they did not.

Mr. Neff, of Cincinnati, in town last week, says it has been very flat there since the flood. Mr. Lew. Weir, of the same city, says Pendleton will be unquestionably reelected to the Senate if the Legislature is Democratic Hoadly is presumed to be safe again for Governor-a man who left the Republican party at the convention of and is in the enjoyment of the chief law practice of the State, and whose attainments, undoubtedly, joined with his Republican origin, give an intellectual quality to the Democratic campaign it has not of late possessed. Yet he can be made obnoxious to the Bourbons as Greeley was, by reviving his past record, and far more so than Bookwalter, who had also been a Republican. Hoadly is a Tilden man after being a Hoadly man. The ticket he dreams of is Tilden and Hoadly, or, Uncle Sammy being uncertain. Hoadly alias Tilden, for revenge and reform. Thurman has of late got to putting his foot into his snuff-box and falling down the front steps. Foster is the eleverest Republican politician in the State; Sherman more experienced but less beloved; Hayes more dignified and possibly more respected than either, Ohio is being transformed from a country to a city State in the country parts old party ties are weak and in the es restraints, sumptuary or Sunday, are resented, and the Republicans have suffered from both causes.

Cincinnati is to become as close to New-York in tim by the Eric Railroad as Chicago to New-York by the Pennsylv nia's limited express, or a day, a night and three hours Herctofore, even by the limited over the Panhandle doute, it has taken twenty-four hours to reach Cincinnatt, which is only 743 miles from New-York while Chicago is 900 miles. The effect has been to make Cincinnati further in the mind and Chicago nearer; for time is distance now. We set our watches by the sun, not by the nearer moon. Yet I have been told at Pittsburg that the slow Cincinnati express, twelve hours ing Ohio, brings more passengers to the same limite than Chicago renders. The Eric Railroad follows the Pennsylvania more closely in comforts and enterprise than any highway proceeding out of New-York at pres-With the completion of the new Chicago line from Marion, Ohio, this summer, competition in both speed and luxury will be the order of trans-continental passen ger trains. The Americans will travel more than any people in the world, with more kinds of objects and motives, if they be expedited nobly.

Two topics agitate the hotel-keeping community Waiton's going out and the prospects of the new Murray Hill hotel. The latter is built by the omnibus man of the Madison Avenue Line, who is so full of real estate, and I hear that it is the best structure as a hotel on this island, with about 400 rooms and plenty of front and ap-pearance, but the hotel men generally say it is too far cast to draw the rent of \$40,000 required. They say that Park Avenue Hotel on the money invested in it has never paid, and that Hotchkiss, who left the St. James Hotel independent, lost it all in the Grand Union Hotel in Forty-first-st. and Park-ave. As to Walton, he is such a keen trader that the Spofford estate barred him out, it is said, from getting a new lease of the St. James, and put in the papers that he was not to be an interested The same action was taken by the dwellinge proprietors adjoining who once let their to the St. James property. He suggested to Captain Conner to "fire Sprague out" and let him come in, solio roce. Mr. Walton, whose success is his chief embarrass-Broadway opposite the Gilsey House, to build a fire-He says he has made \$475,000 in the St He is regarded as worth a million and a quarter, made upon the turf and in the Stock Board, with which latter he is connected in a special partner-

The people about the Brighton Beach property expecto get business next summer through the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge, while the Manhattan and Oriental Hotels, under Mr. Breslin's management though not at his risk, expect to increase through better rallway facilities. The narrow-gauge railroad across the marshes will be abandoned altogether and the Bay Ridge and Hunter's Point tracks will both be widened to the Long Island Railroad's gauge and very rapid time Cape May is declining as a resort, and the Phila delphia summer element goes to New-England and to rope. This element is not popular with New-York el men. The Howland House at Long Branch is now emphasized as a New-Yorkers' house and the Quaker bonnet is taken down from the roof. Saratoga will be opened to New-York by a perfectly new route fro Forty-second Street ferry and Harrison-st., and the rates coably be reduced and thus may force the steam boats to cease the disgraceful custom of marking up state room rates. Block Island would become a notable resor in summer with better hotel and ferry facilities.

A scene instructive and agreeable was that I looked upon at General Calvin Brice's residence in Fiftythird-st. last Tuesday. A young girl not yet fifteen years of age, Muggie Wickham, from Indiana, was to sail on the Gallia the following day with her friends, Nilsso and Albani, to be perfected in violin culture at Berlin and she gave a private test of the cultivation she had already received at the Cincinnati Musical College, which she is the gold medal holder, and her teacher there a classmate of Joseffy- had prevailed upon her parent to let her continue under great masters abroad. She was the only child of the fourth wife of Dr. Wiekham, o Goshen, Indiana, the medical partner of Mrs. Brice's brother-in-law. Her mother, once a music teacher, it is said, has given three years of undivided attention to her child at Cincinnati and separates herself from her husband two or three years longer to encourage the breath of art in this young prodigy. The Brice childre made a night of it, and it was a scene for a painter to observe them standing around their young friend as sh drew the bow-the bow she was kept a whole year drawing without other tuition, so as to give her physical com-mand over the instrument, from the sockets of her arms to her waist and finger tips. Her mother told me that every instrument which came into the house-flute, cornet, guitar-the child played by ear without a tutor. It was Reuben Springer's College which showed th parents that therein lay the precious gift of art. At the recent musical festival she was in the orchestra fiddling among the old men. Maggie is a tall girl with dark eyes and black hair, and a mixture of the child and the prima donna in her manner ; funaffected, yet with ambition steadying her soul.

In Booth's scheme of assassination was only one nan and he American-born, Michael O'Laughlin who immediately informed on the rest. The American sains, Booth and Powell, went in before large odds and fought their way through. Six Irishmen killed the unarmed Burke and Cavendish. Powell, or Payne, four men and rode off in the face of the town oth faced an audience of 1,200 persons and had only a boy to accompany his flight. The journey from the opportunities of American life and equality to the citsmal British gallows was a short one: March 10, the poor lad, Lynch, sailea; April 19, hardly seven weeks after, he faces the gloomy realities of the British hang-man and turns State's witness. Yet he was Americanborn. He never probably saw Ireland, unless he touched there going out. This ought to show our sons of adopted and adopted citizens too, to read the native newspapers of their country and let Europe and her in-triguers go. The Irish press in the United States is like the rebel press published here during and after the war by a set of cowardly yet treasonable miscreants who soon led the way into greenbackery, "nationalism" and kindred bits of ignorance and villany.

A sensible priest, who has his worldly side, remarked during the week: "You can now see why our Church denounces and forbids secret societies. It was to save strong, wild races like the Irish, and the Italian peasantry, from indulging in the law of their origin and doing secret crimes under the incentive of a dark autoc racy, such as they so readily fall under the sway of in politics. You see Tammany Hall and what blind obedience it can get out of Irishmen! Now make a secret lodge inside of that, onth-bound and exempt from the Church's confessional, and teach it to kill, to use poison and to send nitro-glycerine, and what a tophet could be made of this smiling world! The fear of hell, whose fires we threaten them with, alone withholds some of these bloody savages. Yet the tale of English tyranny entraps even some of our priests, as it has done Protestant priests, into Peop of Day, or Molly Maguire, or other kindred orders. We see that the Irish race would beme wild as it once was if we let it drift into a Car-"Then you think the treacherous instinct is in the race ?" " I do. The Kelt is a strong politician but he is dissatisfied with plain, tranquil government and wants a boss and violent counsel. See how these American Irish are treating Parnell! He would give his country a European hearing and train it to self-government. These safe-exiled satraps demand blood, combus tion and terrorism, and Parnell is made their martyr Independence is worth nothing to Ireland if her people must be demonized first."

Whitehead's coat, it seems, had in it the maker's na Brooks Brothers. It is a coincidence that Chaster A. Arthur long had his talloring done there, or until his Vice-Presidential days, when it required a consultation, shall I say a syndicate, of tailors to fit him. Blind and suspicious John Bull might imagine the President con ferring his ante-Magisterial clotheson some seedy member of the Biossom Club, who, in the course of gravitation of the Biossom Club, who, in the course of gravitation downward from the times of Tweed, became an Emerald Club man and was admitted to the "order" by a fellow at the man-hole of the lodge room asking: "Whin will the chafe end of min an this wor-ruld be attained ?" Answer, by catechism: "Whin there's a thrue Irish Parlimint on Dublin Green." Having thus earned his mem bership, the novitiate is presented with a sumptuous steerage ticket and the freedom of the American Ex change. London. where he can store his trunk and blow up the annual summer excursionists, blow up Gillig, aye and Jenkins, too, who feed the national revenue away to the British innkeeper. But suddenly,-ha, ha!-the tell-tale coat, examined with a fog glass, reveals the name of the Presidential tailor, and allowing for the size and fulness of the apparel, the Crown lawyers have no trouble in making out at least a casus belli.

Peter Cooper put up a lodge-room on the Bowery, only a few squares from the Emerald Club. He exacted no dues. He made no distinction of race or color. Suppose Lynch, slins Norman, had gone into that order, he and his compatriots, how many long bright years might now be in their vista ? What transports of serene utility instead of the transportation of the dead t But science softens only tractable, gentle men. Dr. Gallagher had the benefit of Believue and its beds of misery, but was only moved to make a vast hospital of a greater city and turn demestic life into the volcano's fires. There are some men better off without a country. If Ireland were sunk in the ocean it would be money and a husband to nany a poor servant girl in America. Peter Cooper's benefaction looks down toward the dingy lodge of th Emerald Club and seems to say from its windowy eyes. "Poor exiles of Erin! how long will you feed on the sewer gas of Henry George instead of the book of nature and her wide amnesty I"

Bethune-st . -- did you ever hear of it ! I found mysel in such a street one day, terminating nowhere, but running into the North River somewhere in the vicinity of old Greenwich Village. It was only two or three blocks, but I looked around on the still clean and village-like residences of the bourgeoist perhaps forty years ago before Texas or California had swelled the area of rest essness; two-story houses of oft-painted Dutch red brick with cellar, dining-rooms and a low attic under the caves and the front door with side-panes and curving carpentry. There stood the demure old houses, uncon scious of the great rearing city and closed from it by blind walls and only the low hum of saw-mills making merchants' boxes or framing parts of palaces to be trans ported far away, indicated a greater world. might not be in such a street !- the old sea captain's widow whose life is constancy; the old ship carpente whose art the miner and foundryman stole; the burglar's honest family and the merchant's sinister on equally unconscious of their wrongs and side by side. The leading men of the ex-Nickel Plate and now the

Sensy syndicate returned yesterday with their families from a Southern excursion where domestic pleasure was shrewdly sucared with business observation. The South has been predicted for several years to become the seat of an active development and speculation, but it has been postponed from social and political cussedness there; the ever-abiding fear that some stranger may make some profit on the sacred soil in other than curi stone broking and commodity usery. How to take the taxes off the land and the voter and put them on the mer of taste and the stranger, have been the torturing problems of that sunny section. "Tax the merchant and the transporter and save we-uns! Sock it to you-uns!" have been the political gospel of what the magazine s called the Great South. It is great except in the mon Cameron, Erlanger, R. T. Wilson, Newcomb, many nore have picked the clusters and left the dry vine Now the Seney interest is looking curiously in on the curious country: Brice is the promoter, Thomas the executive, Seney the secretary of the treasury. There are others, but these are the best-known. They possess a rallroad system from Bristol, Tenn., to Rome, Ga. thence to Mississippi and Memphis, and by the line they have built parallel to the old Georgia system they, reach Atlanta and Macon and pick up their road to Brunswick. They can connect with the Missouri and Texas systems either at Vicksburg via Shreveport, or at Memphis via Little Rock By steamers from Brunswick they can be independent of Eastern rall rates, yet their connection to Norfolk and Harrisburg are very direct. They might parallel the road from Bristol to the James River and there pick up the depreciated Richmond and Alie ghany property and connect it from Williamson on th nany property and Charlestown, West Virginia, where they are now leading in their old Central property, and Richmond would then be their eastern outlet, unless they also absorbed the Norfolk and Western and the Shenandonh lines. The Southern lieutenant of these men has been General Cole.

It is the ambition of new schools of men like th se which keeps stagnation off. Seeking fortune they dis cover new wheels and rods to move, and their restless operations in turn revive and clarify widely different mmunities. The Lave Shore now fat with traffic, they will it another track-and charged for it. Previously they had begun to parallel the Hocking Valley Railroad and still possess a line nearly complete from the Kanawha River to the shores of Lake Michigan. In this enterprise Governor Foster, of Ohio, was prominent General Cole had previously enlisted Mr. Sensy in his fight for self-protection against the Newcomb monopoly. The rival system thus created has demanded, fro enlarging influence, the attention of the Ohio wing of the syndicate. They can either sell or extend; in the latter case they will soon be the longest consolidation east of Chicago, reaching from Michigan almost to Florida. Mr. Seney is of Long Island birth, his father and ancestry coming from the eastern shore of Maryland. His grand father was in the old Congress of the Confederation. Commodore Nicholson is his relative, and so was Albert Gallatin. He and his associates enjoy in a high degree the popular good will from their acts of philanthropy, both public and private.

H. K. Enos says: "I was the pioneer of what is called Wall Street grain trading and was the first member of the Stock Exchange who joined the Produce Exchange, and knowing most of the writers of the money articles, I got them to introduce the prices from the produce market into the money articles, and in this way brought the new nterest immediately to the notice of the large traders I also distributed the quotations in the Street, and they are now to be found all over New-York. It was a year or so later that Rufus Hatch joined the Produce Exchange and brought J. R. Keene into it. I found every thing then very low; wheat, corn, pork and lard were far below the average prices of years, and I thought them safe to buy, and except wheat they all have doubled in price since that time.

Noticeable red building, with a rubble-stone base, at Fifthave. and Forty-second-st., and queer name for it: " The Bank of Banks." A little further along Forty-second-st. is the Lincoln Bank and Safe Deposit Company, conceived by Dr. Corey and the presidency conferred, at the Doctor's suggestion, upon Colonei Thomas L. James. This is a storage house also and of solid look. The Vanderbilt connections are leaders in both properties, I un derstand, through Shepard, the class son-in-law.

Brooks & Dickson told Judge Gedney, he says, that they did not want any American plays or operettas, but preferred to buy them in Engiand on the Winchester principle, sceneries, snobberies and all. They didn't vant to read any librettos. Pure shekels were what they digested intellectually, and by a little trepanning a trap door to the brain cell would only lead to the treasure chest. I see a good anvil chorus in the three Pats before my door, two of whom strike the crowbar while number three dreams of the woes of the old country and holds it straight

THE BOULAK MUSEUM.

A VISIT TO THE GREAT TREASURE-HOUSE OF EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES. FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE

CAIRO, April 1.

Boulak was once the port and a distant suburb of Cairo, separated from it by the Sweetwater Canal and a sandy waste; but the new town of Ismailia has sprung up and connected them, and Boulak is now not only the port but an important manufacturing quarter. Here the dahabeahs lie waiting to be chartered by the prodigal visitor for the Nile voyage, and here come down the stream the the wheat, and all the produce of corn. Egypt that is not accelerated in its transit to the capital by transfer to the railroad at Assiout, 250 miles above. But to the traveller the magnet of Boulak is its museum, founded by Said Pacha, fostered by Ismail, and stored by the indefatigable exertions of Mariette Bey. As it should, this museum has within its walls the most perfect records of the history of the country, and as before its foundation the treasures discovered by each and every explorer were packed and labelled for every museum in Europe, so now, to protect the ancient lead who planned so cunningly to sleep on their own soil, a law has been passed prohibiting the future deportation of the treasures that may be unearthed.

When Mariette first undertook, in behalf of a learned French society, to search for the MSS, and capyri in Egypt, he did not contemplate spending the remainder of his life in a devout search for an tiquities. But, as he tells in his treatise on the conuments, when he had transferred a rich store to the Louvre, and the funds failed, the pursuit so fascinated him that he urged the then Khedive, Said, to engage in the search; and thus just thirty years ago they gathered the nucleus of this magnificent collection.

But there is a stir in the air that in this land of eternal repetition means something. The wind surges strangely about in herce and fitful gusts, and the beautiful palms wave their arms in trepidation. Let us enter, for it is to-day pleasanter among the dead within than with the moving, active, real world without. We enter-and where we looked for repose we are startled by the apparitions of four custodians, who have only five eyes bet ween them, and these are situated at such strange angles that you fancy yourself in a realm of story, and these the fantastic guomes of which you have read. Here they go through all the ordinary cares of appropriating and labelling all pertable articles, but their attentions do not cease there, for until you leave that museum their singular vagaries of vision are never directed from you for a single

Within the entrance hall the building consists of two large corridors, a series of rooms extending to the right and left, with one portal in the centre and others communicating angularly with the wings. There is no catalogue to be obtained, and as the numbers do not correspond with the descriptions in the published guides to Cairo, you are left at the mercy of the occasional placards appended to some objects, or to the uncertain knowledge and peculiar English of the Arab custodians. The walls of the first chamber are closely filled with stelae or funeral slabs, gathered from tombs of all ages and covered with pictures or hieroglyphs, recording the virtues and rank of the deceased, and the pious and rich offerings each had presented to the gods (priests) in his or her lifetime. Upon various altars there are statues and costly articles of household use, and there as a bronze bolt, in the form of a crouching lion, of eautiful workmanship and of such enormous size that it must have been shot by machinery, in the hands of a giant.

At the left extremity of this first corridor there is a large and somewhat dark room, set apart for the relics of the "Hyksos," or shepherd kings, who for centuries usurped the ancient rule on the Delta, and banished the Pharaohs to the Upper Nile Valley. These five hundred years form a dark period in Egyptian history; a gap, indeed, for hittle is recorded of them or their doings, and few are the monuments they have left. According to Mariette they were strangers or tolerated settlers upon the seaboard, until in numbers they were able to overthrow the existing monarchs of the twelfth or thirteenth dynasty (B. C. 2200); and they railed the rich lower provinces until they were driven into Palestine by Amasis, the first warrior of the eightenth. The sitting figures and sphinixes of these kings are rude and coarse in execution, and the faces have none of the placid beauty and dignity of those of other epochs. They are appropriately relegated to the darkest corner of the museum.

In contradistinction to this gloomy growd the Valley. These five hundred years form a dark

In contradistinction to this gloomy crowd the rooms to the right of this wing contain a gay gathering of the rank and fashion of the Ptolemaic and Roman eras. The conquerors of Egypt, whether Persian, Greek or Roman, yielding doubtless to the seductions of the climate, seem to have remodelled their own behefs, or combined them with the exsting religion, and thus perhaps unconsciously returned to the faith originally obtained from the Nile Valley. The temples of the Ptolemaic period are modelled upon the plans of the ancient edifices, and Edfou and Dendera, yet existing in fine preservation, have enabled the Egyptologists to explain the meaning and previous uses of the many rooms and passages of such strange and mysterious struc-

In death as well, the ladies and gentlemen under the Ptolemies caused their bodies to be as carefully embalmed as the "very oldest inhabitant," and in the decoration and gilding of their mummy cases they even went beyond the ancients in splendor and lavish ornamentation. There is one little coffin that possesses a touching interest. It is that of the baby of some wealthy individual, and upon the exterior the arm of the child is admirably carved, with the chubby fingers still clutching in death the drapery that covers it, while the other hand is out of sight beneath the quilt.

In the last mummies of the Byzantine period the art of embalming culminates, and the cases look more like exquisite and elaborate bindings, and the paintings upon them remind one of the pages of richly illuminated mediaval manuscript. The faces of the ladies are finished like minia tures, their eyebrows are enlarged as in life, and their eyes deepened with dark rings to express the vivid effect of kohl upon the living beauty. The hair is carefully painted in plaits and waving tresses, their nails are touched as with henna, and there is a catalogue of family jewels embroidered on their fingers; on their feet are long pointed shoes, and about their ankles are the same massive gold and silver bangles which are worn to-day by the dancing women of the Upper Nile. The careful execution of these cases bespeaks the portrait, and it only needs the card of the deceased appended-" The inclosed Mr. --- or Mrs. --- begs to request, etc.," to make you feel in the presence of the living original.

Who are these sturdy, squat fellows on either side of the central door, their heads in their fists, their eyes keenly watching and their great limbs doubled under them on massive chests of stone? They represent Khai, the treasure-keepers, and they sit here very earnestly, keeping guard over the beautiful jewels of Queen Ab-ho-tep in the next room. In a glass case on your right is a shrivelled skeleton with some integriments yet attached and a label informing us this is all that's left of Huni-en-raf, a King of the third Tynasty. Alas! for royalty. His Majesty, with the strangely deep, thick skull, is now laid out upon a common shelf, without a rag to cover him, in company with a dozen dried cats; and he can only lay claim now to one distinction, viz.: That he is the oldest authenticated sample of a dead man extant. He dates back 4,500 years B. C., according to the scientists, and consequently must be about 400 years older than Adam. If, as many reverend gentlemen assert, the world is only 6,000 years old. what," as the irreverent Mr. Ingersoll would say, what are we to do about the ruins of King Hunien-raf ?"

Facing us there is a large, well-disposed, benevo ent-looking gentleman, done in verde-antique, and sitting on a throne of the same material. One fist is clenched upon his apron, and he is badly chipped about his lower limbs, but he has been and is a

bandsome figure of a monarch, and is no other than Khapa or Chrephren, the builder of the second pyramid. There are two of him here, and there is sufficient difference in the faces to indicate that they were executed at different periods of his life; and although it is such a very long time ago, the boldness of the execution and the truth of the anatomy prove that they had fine artists in those far-off days. These statues were found in the temple unearthed by Mariette, close under the shadow of the mysterious Sphinx at Gheezeh, where

the sun is in the northwest. There is one other person in this room, and that s a woman, an Arab, dressed in the usual suit of black, with a long strip of black crape hanging from the usual silver pipe over her nose. She carries all her worldly wealth in chains of Napoeons around her neck, her arms, and depending in strings from her hair and ears, and she is gazing intently on the jewels of Queen Ah-ho-tep, and doubtless wishing that she could supplement the decorations of her own dusky skin by the addition of some of those of her late Majesty. True, the Queen has been dead 3,000 years; still, as you gaze upon her adoraments that yet survive, you fancy you can recall the imperious wearer, and if you giance to the right and catch sight of the exmisite marble face of Queen Tara, you acknowledge that if Ab-ho-tep were as beautiful, she deserved all the ornaments with which she loaded her regal person, and more besides. There is a superb massive chain for state occasions, with an immense enamelled scarab depending from it; indeed, all the enamels are exceptionally fine. There are rings and girdles nnumerable; there are dozens of bracelets and bangles for arms and legs; there is the royal mirror of burnished gold; and there is a little golden hatchet for Sunday wear, although the deceased meant business, for there is a solid bronze article for ordinary use and a couple of daggers for everyday outbursts of temper. There are few objects of jewelry more chaste and original than some of these, and the gold-workers of Cairo to-day can find nothing to tempt the feminine purchaser like reproluctions of these beautiful works of antique skill.

A wooden figure attracts our attention on the left, where behind it is a chamber filled with memorials of the most ancient monarchies. It is a figure twothirds the size of life, and is evidently the portrait of a hearty, hale country squire, albeit his costume is only half of a short shirt. But he is every inch a well-conditioned rural gentleman, with a bright eye, a smiling mouth, a bald head, and a joviat louble chiu. He has a staff in his fist, and is just starting out for a morning walk, perhaps to inspect the condition of his farms and stock, and when you are told that he was carved five thousand years ago, you gaze at him in astonishment and are com-pelled to admit that our boasted modern art has produced nothing more natural or pleasing than this same breezy old gentleman in worm-caten

Near this is a statue in stone, the size of life, of powerful man, erect, with marked features and a commanding expression; the limbs are strongly modelled, and the feet, like those of the modern Egyptians, are the very largest size made to fit shoes. There is a wonderful vitality in modelied, and the feet, like those of the modern Egyptians, are the very largest size made to fit shoes. There is a wonderful vitality in this statue, a movement in the pose, so to speak, which induces you to expect the moment when it may step down from its pedestal and walk straight out into the air. On its head is a black skall cap, and it bears the simple tumi of a priest. The figure is a portrait of Raueter, one of the officials of the temple of Ptab, king of the infernal regions, according to the Memphis ritual.

Between this statue, and another of one Ii, a chamberlain to a king of the sam period and equally lifelike and characteristic a a strangely interesting married comple is a strangely interesting married couple, taken from the temb where they had sat in awful science for fitty centuries. These are the Prince Bahote, and his lady Nefert. He is a dark red, and he a pale clive, her figure clearly outlined through he single white robe she wears; and there they it, side by side, with the most marvellous air of sit, side by side, with the most marvellous air of life and expectancy. His features are commonplace, hers regular and handsome, though her head is deformed by a hideous ivy. Around her neck is a deep collar of jewels, and the eyes of both are of glass or some transparent material. It was the custom to immure the portrait models of the deceased in a particular recess of their tomb, and when the discoverer first let the light in upon the glittering eyes of this married couple the effect must have been magical and startling indeed. ing indeed.

barbarian from lands that were forests and savage swamps when they ruled a magnificent empire. Here in this grand funeral chamber is the rare collection of foyal nummines found recently in the Valley of the Kings at Thebea. From head to foot these monarchs are swathed in wreaths of lotus leaves and binds, and it is said that when lately exposed to the air these twee as gay and green as when bound about them first by reverential hands. The bodies of the Queens are done up in the most delicate parcels, tolded and tied as they originally were for delivery at the throne of Osiris for judgment. On the coffin of Rameses the Second his portrait mask is splendidly carved, and is the very transcript of those dignified, smiling features very transcript of those dignified smiling features which it was his delight in life to sculpture over the length and breadth of his kingdoms.

length; and breadth of his kingdoms.

Hark! There is a wild, fierce shout given without, and the gusts of wind mount into a whirting tempest. Vivid flashes of lightning blaze through the rooms, and give unearthy splendor to the gorgeous sarcophagi of the kings. It is the first coming of the Khamsin, the simoon that every year breaks over Egypt in the early spring. The rain descends in terrents, gurgling and leaking through the insecure sky-lights and the sun-baked roofs; the attendants rush to move the unprotected mummies, and in the whirl and crash, their livid faces seem to smile a frown, and from the porcelain eyes of some great drops of rain start out like trars.

Regardless of all remonstrance, the attendants thrust the hapless visitors out into the storm. "It is our orders." George Fawcerr Rowe.

JACK.

From The Detroit Free Press.

A year or more ago, as the foreman of one of the iron works of this city was crossing the yard one day, he espied a little skip of a boy, seemingly not over cleven years old, seated on a big fly-wheel and chewing the end of bitter reflection.

"Whe are you!"

" Who are you !"
" I'm Jack."
" What are you doing here ?"

What do you want ?"

"A job."

A job."

Those were the questions and answers. The boy was pale and ragged, but in his steel-blue eyes the oreman saw game. And, too, the idea of a waif the him setting out to battle the world touched a ender chord in the heart of the man who had boys of his own, and he set Jack at work in the yard.

No one thought the boy would stay a week, and case exact to ask where he came from or who he no one eared to ask where he came from or who he was. But he stuck. He was hard working and faithful, and, as the weeks went by, he gained friends. One day he walked up to the foreman and

and:
"I want to learn the trade."
"You't Ha! ha! ha! Why, Jack, you are not big enough to handle a cold-chise."
"I can whip any 'prentice boy in this shop!" was

"I can whip any prefittee boy in this shop: was
the carnest declaration.

"Just hear him! Why, any of the lot could turn
you wrong side out! When you get big enough to
whip the smallest one you come to me for a job."
At noon that day Jack walked up to the biggest
apprentice boy in the shop and said:

"Come out doors."

"What do you want?"

"I'm going to lick you."

"What for?"

"Because I want a chance to learn the trade."

Because I want a chance to learn the trade."

The two went out, and, in sight of twenty witnesses, little Jack won a victory. At loclock he touched his cap to the foreman and said:

"I've licked your biggest 'prentice, and want to

go to work!"

Ten minutes later he had become a machinist's Ten minutes later he had become a machinist's apprentice, and if you go in there to-day, you will find him with greasy hands, oily face and a head full of business ideas. Jack carries the keys to the drawers where the steam gauges, safety valves and other trimmings are kept, and he knows the use of every tool, the workings of every piece of machinery, and there is a constant call for Jack here and Jack there. Before he is twenty he will be a fin ished machinist, and before he is twenty-live he will be foreman of some great sliop. He is quiet, earnest, respectful and observing. What he does is well done. What he is told he never forgets.

And here in Detroit are hundred of boys who com-

And here in Detroit are hundred of boys who com-plain that there is no chance for them, even when backed by money and influence. They wait and wait and whine and complain, and leave it for waifs like little Jack to call up the game in their souls, and walk boldly into a great manufacturing works and say:
"I'm here—I want a job!"

PRACTICAL COOKERY.

A SERIES OF KITCHEN LESSONS WITH DEMON-STRATIONS BY MISS MARIA PARLOA.

IX. BREAKFAST DISHES, BAVARIAN CREAM, WINE JELLY, ETC.

"These are my last public lessons in New-York this season," said Miss Parloa at her School of Cookery last Monday. "I shall devote most of my time for the present to my courses of lectures out of town, but shall resume the giving of demonstration lessons and private instructions here in the fall." She announced that the morning's topic was ' Breakfast Dishes," and that salt fish soufflé would be prepared first. Eight good-sized potatoes had previously been pared and then boiled for half an hour. The water was carefully poured off, and the potatoes were mashed fine and mixed with a pint of fine-chopped cooked salt fish. Three-fourths of a cupful of het milk, two generous tablespoonfuls of butter, and small quantities of salt and pepper were added. Two eggs were beaten and stirred in. and the mixture was heaped upon the dish on which it was to be served, and placed in the oven for ten minutes. The whites of two more eggs were beaten to a stiff froth. A quarter of a teaspoonful of salt was added and then the yolks. This preparation was spread upon the dish of fish, which was browned in the oven, and served at once.

A cupful of hominy was washed in two waters and stirred into a quart of boiling water. A teaspoonful of salt was added, and the dish was boiled for nearly an hour. Miss Parloa mixed together a for hearly 2n hour. Sales I all a like and a pint of file warm hominy, a pint of milk and a pint of flour, and after beating two eggs, she stirred them into the batter, adding a little sait at the

them into the batter, adding a little sait at the time. Of this batter excellent griddle cakes were made; the griddle being very hot to prevent the cakes from being tough.

For hominy muffins, a teacuroful of beiling water was poured upon two tables goodfuls of fine uncooked hominy. After fifteen minutes' simmering this mixture was added to one consisting of a cupful and a battef beging milk and a cupful of Indian meal mixture was noded to one consisting of a cupful and a half of boiling milk and a cupful of Indian meal. The combined mixtures were allowed to cool, and when they were cool there were added to them two well-beaten eggs, two tablespoontuis of surar and a teaspoonful each of salt and baking-powder. The batter was poured into small pans that had been heated and buttered. Fifteen minutes' baking gave delictors unfine.

been heated and buttered. Fifteen minutes baking gave delicious muffins.

The first step in the making of corn muffins was to mix together in a sieve, and finally rub through it, a teacupful of cornmeal, twice as much flour, a third of a cunful of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, and three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Having put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a cup, Miss Parloa set the cup into a basin of hot water; and while three tenspoonfuls of baking-powder. Having put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a cup, Miss Parloa set the cup into a basin of hot water; and while the butter was melting, she beat three eggs very light and added to them a large cupful of milk. This mixture she poured upon the dry ingredients, beating well all the while. The melted butter was added, and the mixture was poured into buttered muffin pans and baked twenty minutes. Miss Parloa used white meal for these muffins, but said that yellow would have given about as good a result.

Several fine slices of halbut, about an inch thick, having been seasoned with sait and pepper and allowed to lie in melted butter—covering both sides—for half an hour, were rolled in flour, and broited for twelve minutes over a clear fire. The halibut was served on a hot dish with a bandsome garnish of parsley and slices of lemon. Miss Parloa said that about three tablespoonfuls of melted butter should be allowed for each pound of the uncooked lish.

butter should be allowed for each pound of the ancooked lish.

Hallout was also served with maltra d'hôtel butter, which was made by beating four tablespoonfuls of butter to a cream and gradually beating into it a tablespoonful each of lemon juice and vinegar, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, half a teaspoonful of sait and a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper. Both sides of a broiler having been buttered, the slices of hallout, seasoned with sait and pepper, were cooked over clear coals for twelve minutes, receiving a turning frequently. The fish was piaced upon a hot dish, and over it was spread the maltre d'hôtel butter; a spoonful being used for each pound of fish.

d'hôrel butter; a spoonful being used for each pound of fish.

Liver was cooked in a variety of ways. First, slices were dipped in butter and lightly in flour, and broiled eight or teu minutes over a bright fire.

A pound of liver was cut into small thin pieces, and after four tablespoonfuls of butter had been heated, the meat was cooked in it slowly for four minutes. Two tablespoonfuls of flour, a teaspoonful of curry powder, two slices of onion, a "speck" of cayenne and small quantities of salt and pepper were added, and after two minutes' cooking a cupful of stock was slowly added. The dish, after it had once boiled up, was announced to be a curry of liver.

For liver sauté, liver was cut into very thin slices, For liver sauté, liver was cut into very thin slices, and seasoned with sait and pepper. Two table-spoonfuls of butter and a large tablespoonful of flour were heated together in a small frying-pan, and the liver was taid in and browned on bolk sides. Two tablespoonfuls of water, one of wine, and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley were added, and after Miss Parloa had tasted of the dish, to ascertain if it were salt enough, she boiled it up once, and served it.

and served it.

A pint of potato balls were cut out of raw potatoes with a vegetable scoop, and boiled gently for twelve minures. The water was drained from them, and a cupful of boiling milk substituted. A teaspoonful of butter, a like quantity of chopped parsicy and a scant teaspoonful of salt were added, and the dish was allowed to simmer eight minutes.

We will begin with wine jelly," said Miss Parlea on Tuesday afternoon. A box of gelatine had been soaked two hours in half a pint of cold water. Upon it was poured a pint and a half of boiling water, and a stirring followed until the gelatine was dissolved. A pint of sugar, a pint of sherry and was dissolved. A pint of sugar, a pint of sherry and the juice of a lemon were added, and part of the jelly was strained through a napkin into a border mould. When it had become slightly hardened—a bed of ice being used to promote the hardening—a row of fresh strawberries was laid upon it. A little more jelly was poured in, to hold the fruit in place; and when it had become somewhat solid the remainder of the jelly was added, and the mould put into the leaders.

The making of a bird's-nest pudding next absorb The making of a bird's-nest pudding next absorbed the attention of the andience. The jelly for it had been prepared at the same time as the wine jelly, the processes being similar. Half a package of sparking gelatine had been sooked for two hours in half a cupful of cold water, and upon it had been poured enough boiling water to make, with the juice of six oranges, two cunfuls and a half of liquor. After this water and orange juice and a small cupful of sugar had been added, the jelly had been stirred well, and strained into a shallow dish. This was where it was found when Miss Parloa announced that a bird's-nest pudding was in order. A plate of "straws" was produced, and it was explained that they were ob-Miss Parloa announced that a bird's-nest pudding was in order. A plate of "straws" was produced, and it was explained that they were obtained in this way: Peel was removed from haif a dozen oranges in quarters, and allowed to lie over night in two quarts of water. The next morring the peel was cut into thin strips with scissors, and boiled in fresh water until tender. The strips were drained in a sieve, and simmered half an hour in a syrup made of haif a cupful of sugar and a pint of water. They were then put into a bowl, and remained there over night. On the day of the lecture a pint of sugar and of water were boiled together for twenty minutes, and the syrup fell in threads from a spoon with which a quantity was dipped up. The orange-peel straws were boiled half an hour in this syrup, and then removed and

in threads from a spoon with which a quantity was dipped up. The orange-peel straws were boiled half an hour in this syrup, and then removed and drained in a sleve. As they became dry they were put into a dish and placed in a warm oven.

Thus a large part of the work was done before the lecture, but each finished step was explained with much care. Miss Parloa put into a double-boiler a pint of milk and a third of a box of gelatine that had been soaking together for two hours, and heated the mixture without allowing it to boil. She gave it a sirring frequently. As soon as the gelatine had been dissolved hoil. She gave it a sifring frequently.
As soon as the gelatine had been dissolved the mixture was removed from the fire, and to it As soon as the gelatine had been dissolved the mixture was removed from the fire, and to it were added one and a half tablespoorfuls of sugar, a third of a teaspoorful of orange flavor, and a tiny quantity of sait. This biane-mange was poured into six egg shells that had been emptied by breaking in one end a hole about the size of a cent, and stirring a skewer inside. The shells were placed upright in a pan of line-powdered ice. The jelly that had been prepared was broken into pieces with a fork and put into a flat dish. The straws were arranged in the form of nests on the jelly, the shells were taken from the blanc-mange, and the eggs of blanc-mange were placed in the nests.

Miss Parloa said at this point that when gelatine is to be used it should be soaked in cold water, standing in a cold place, for two hours, for it will then dissolve readily without being brought to a high temperature, which is likely to give a strong flavor. The vessel in which the gelatine is dissolved should not be put directly upon the range, but into another contaming hot water, and this may be put upon the range.

For strawberry Bavarian cream there were used a pint of cream, a quart of strawberres, half a cupful of cold water, half a cupful of boiling water, a

For strawberry Bavarian cream there were used a pint of cream, a quart of strawberries, half a cupful of cold water, half a cupful of boiling water, a large cupful of sugar and half a package of gelatine. The gelatine had soaked two hours in the cold water, and the berries and sugar had been mashed together and allowed to stand for an hour. The cream was now whipped to a froth. The juice from the berries was strained, as much as possible being pressed through; but care was taken that none of the seeds went with it. The hot water was poured upon the gelatine, which, when it was dissolved, was strained into the strawberry juice. The basin (which was tin) was set into a pan of ice water, and the mixture was beaten until a cream water, and the mixture was beaten until a cream had formed. When it was of about the consistency of soft custard, the whoped cream was stirred into it; and after a good stirring the mixture was turned

corn-starch dissolved in half a cupful of milk, and a cupful and a half of flour into which had been stirred a teaspoonful of cream-of-tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda; the mixture being flavored with lemon and baked in two sheets.

After making this cake Miss Parloa turned the mould of wine jelly into a glass dish, and turned the Bavarian cream into the circle of jelly, heaping whipped cream about it.

the Bavarian cream into the circle of jelly, heaping whipped cream about it.

Thus ended the last public lesson. Miss Parloa was congratulated on having excited a considerable amount of interest in cookery during the brief season her school had been open. Some of the ladies present had attended nearly every lesson, and expressed not only the feeling that they had been more than repaid for devoting so much time and thought to the culmary art, but the intention of being regular auditors when the school should be opened in the fall. THE PRICES OF PROVISIONS.

VEGETABLES ABUNDANT-UNUSUALLY HIGH PRICES FOR POULTRY AND GAME-THE SUPPLY OF FISH.

Probably the most attractive feature of Washington Market at this season of the year is the booths of the vegetable venders, which are piled high just now with fresh green things. The locatiites whence these vegetables are procured have extended northward from the tropical regions of Florida and Bermuda to the temperate atmosphere of Virginia, Maryland and Delaware. A great quantity of vegetables is coming from the gardens about Norfolk. Notwithstanding the abundance the retail dealers still charge customers nureasonable and "fancy" prices. A medium-sized bunch of as paragus costs 50 cents, a quart of tomatoes 30 cents, three cucumbers can be had for 25 cents. and a quart of string beans for 25 cents. Green peas sell for 50 cents a peck, lettuce brings 10 cents a head, six bunches of radishes are worth 25 cents, new potatoes 50 cents a haif peck, and Bermuda onions 15 cents a quart. Egg plants are 10 and 20 cents each, and watercress is 10 cents a quart. Last year's butter beaus are 15 cents a quart, aweet potatoes 75 cents a peck, and eranberries 20 cents a onart. quart.

quart.

Strawberries are selling very high because of a sudden scarcity. They bring 40 and 50 cents a box. In about six weeks the peach season will regularly open with arrivals of that fruit from Florida. Some hothouse peaches can be bought now for \$1

There has been also a sudden rise in the price of

Some hothouse peaches can be bought now for \$1 each.

There has been also a sudden rise in the price of poultry, owing to the scant supply. Geese have become practically extinct in the market. At this time they are declared out of season from the fact that their time is all taken up on the farms in either laying, setting or being plucked. Other varieties of fowls are from 3 to 5 cents a pound dearer than they were a month ago. Capons are 40 cents a pound, and pullets the same. A month ago pullets sold for 25 cents a peand. Philadelphia roasting chickens are 40 cents a pound—10 cents a pound higher than they were a month ago. Poiladelphia broilers sell now for \$3 a pair, or \$1 more than they brought six weeks ago. And so en throughout the entire list. Domestic ducks are 28 cents and domestic tarkeys 28 and 30 cents a pound. Philadelphia fowls are 25 cents and scalled fowls 22 cents a pound.

White poultry has gone up so high, wild fowls have become both cheaper and higher. There is very little variety in this line, however, as geese, canvasback ducks, widgeons, black ducks and mallards are out of season. A comparison of the prices last week of what remain with the prices a month ago will prove interesting. English snipe were selling then for \$4 a dozen; now they bring \$3 50. Plovers were then \$4 a dozen; they can be had now for \$3 50. Brandt ducks sold then for 75 cents each; new they are \$1 50. Teal ducks could be bought thirty days ago for 50 cents each, and now they bring \$1. Wasel ducks have gone up from 75 cents each, while redheads have gone up from 75 cents each, while redheads have gone up from 75 cents each, while redheads have gone up from 75 cents each. See have the prices are consequently highly satisfactory to everybody—the fisheremen, the retailers and the consumers. There have been unusually large harles of fish during the last week have been large and new they are selling for \$5 0 a dozen one month ago and now they are selling for 60 cents a pound.

The supplies of fish during the last week have

Millponds \$1 50, and Prince's Bays \$1 50 a nundered.

All the other kinds of fish are abundant and are selling at reasonable figures. White halibut is worth 22 cents, haddock 8 cents, see bass 18 and 25 cents, and market cod 8 and 12 cents a pound. Dressed eels may be had for 18 cents, live lobsters for 15 cents, frozen salmon for 35 cents, blackfish for 15 cents, frozen salmon for 35 cents, blackfish for 15 cents, and weakfish for 15 cents, and weakfish for 15 cents, apound. Fresh mackerel bring from 10 to 20 cents, Spanish and sheepsheads 25 cents, and white perch 10 and 15 cents a pound. Long Island smelts are worth 15 cents, redsnappers 20 cents, and herrings 6 cents a pound. The beautiful speckled troat continue to be immolated on the demestic altar by thousands, the demand keeping their price slightly above the the demand keeping their price slightly above the reach of moderately wealthy housekeepers. They reach of moderately lwealthy housekeepers. They bring \$1 a peaud. Southern black bass are worth 25 cents, fresh-caught salmon troit 18 cents, and small green pickerel 18 cents a nound. Green turtle is 18 cents a pound and terrapin from \$2 to \$24 a dozen. Fregs' legs, which are much sought after by epicureans, are worth 75 cents a pound. Shad roes are 25 cents a pair, and hard crabs \$3 50 a hundred. Shrimp are \$1 50 a gailon, crayfish \$2 50 a hundred, and prawns \$1 50 a gailon. An ucly black African turtle is among the curiosities of Falton Market. It is much smaller than the regular South American turties which are sold in the market, and it attracts \$5 a great deal of attention from visitors.

There seems no immediate prospect of the prices of beer or muton becoming cheaper. The prices quoted last Sunday remained unchanged during the week. Hindquarters of spring lamb may be purchased for \$2, and the forequarters for \$1 50

Creamery butter is worth 35 cents a pound. Eggs are 23 cents a dozen. MENU.

Potato Soup. Broiled Shad, Mairre d'Hotel Sauce. Cucumbers. Chicken Fritters.

Rib Roast of Beef. Stuffed Potatoes. Spinach.
Squab, roasted. Jelly.
Lettuce Mayonnaise.
Cheese. Crackers. Cheese, Crackers,
Amber Pudding, Brandy Peaches, Lady Cake,
Fruit,
Coffee,

HOUSEROLD NOTES.

HOUSEROLD NOTES.

POTATO SOUP.—A quart of milk, six large notatoes, one stalk of celery, an onion and a tablespoonful of butter. Put milk to boil with onion and celery. Pare potatoes and boil thirty minutes. Turn off the water and mash fine and light. Add the boiling milk and the butter, and pepper and salt to taste. Rub through a strainer, and serve immediately. A cupful of whipped cream, added when in the tureen is a great improvement. This soup must not be allowed to stand, even if kept hot. Served as soon as ready, it is excellent.

STURFED POTATORS.—After the potatoes are well'

STUFFED POTATOES, -After the potatoes are well STUFFED POTATOES.—After the potatoes are well washed, bake them until soft. Cut a piece from the top of each potato, and scoop out the soft pulp with a spoon, taking care not to break the skins. Mash the pulp well through a colander, season with salt, and mash with it plenty of batter. Return the mixture to the cases and brown the tips with a salamander or red-hot shovel.

Covern Fourness Cut cold regard or boiled

CHICKEN FRITTERS .- Cut cold roasted or boiled chicken Fritters,—Uit coid foasted of boned chicken in small pieces, and place in an earthen dish. Season well with sait, pepper and the juice of a tresh lemon. Let the meat stand one hour; then make a fritter batter, and stir the pieces into it. Drop, by the spoonful, into boiling far, and fry till a light brown. Drain and serve immediately. Any kind of cold meat, if tender, can be used in this way.

ROASTED OYSTERS ON TOAST.—Eighteen large oysters, or thurty small ones, one teaspoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, sait, pepper, there shees of teast. Have the toast buttered, and three slices of toast. Have the toast buttered, and on a hot dish. Put the butter in a small saucepan, and when hot add the dry flour. Stir until smooth, but not brown; then add the cream, and let it boil up once. Put the oysters (in their own liquor) into a hot oven for three minutes; then add them to the cream. Season, and pour over the toast. Garnish the dish with thin slices of lemon, and some years very hot. It is nuce for lumph or tea.

and serve very hot. It is nee for lunch or tea.

Amber Pudding.—One dozen large tart apples, one cupful of sugar, the juice and rind of two lemons, six eggs, four tablespoonfuls of butter, enough puff or chopped paste to line a three-put the thin rind from the lemon, being careful not focut into the white part. Put the butter, apple and lemon-rind and juice in a stew-pan with half a cupful of water; cover tightly and sinmer three quarters of an hour, rub through a sieve, add the sugar, and set away to cool. Line the dish with paste. Beat the yolks of the eggs, and str into the cooled mixture. Turn this turo the lined dish. Bake slowly for half an hour. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and gradually beat into them three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Cover the pudding with this; return to the oven, and cook twelve minutes with the door open. Serve either hot or cold. and serve very hot. It is nice for lunch or teaeither hot or cold.

ENGLISH CARROT PUDDING .- One pound of grated or soft custard, the whipped cream was stirred into it: and after a good stirring the mixture was turned into moulds and set away to harden. Corn-starch cake was made by beating a cupful of butter to a cream and adding a cupful and a half of flour, four eggs well beaten half a cupful of with wine sauce.